

NANCY WYNNE TALKS ABOUT THE SOCIAL DOINGS OF THE DAY

The Marriage of Miss Agassiz, of Boston, to Cornelius Felton, of Haverford, Took Place Yesterday in Hamilton, Mass.—Guests From This City

PHILADELPHIA is greatly interested in the wedding of Miss Agassiz, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Agassiz, of Boston, and Cornelius Felton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Conway Felton, of Haverford. The wedding took place yesterday at Homewood, in Hamilton, Mass., the country house of the Agassiz family.

A visit to Greensburg, Pa., left last week for Atlantic City to spend some time. Mrs. Charles Bloomingdale, Jr., of 5005 Walnut street, who has returned from a recent trip through the Pocono Mountains, is spending this week in New York.

Miss Irene Berrill and Miss Florence Berrill, of 5810 Spruce street, who are at their cottage on States avenue, Atlantic City, will remain until October. Their sister, Mrs. Beatrice K. Keeley, with her young son, Master James Keeley, is visiting them.

Mr. M. L. Rutan and her son, Mr. Leroy Rutan, have returned to their home, 4247 Market street, after a visit of three weeks in Atlantic City.

Mr. Harry E. Gerhart, of 2114 North Sixteenth street, has taken a cottage in Atlantic City, and will remain there with his family until October 1.

Miss Marie May has returned to West Chester, where she is attending the Normal School, after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry May, of 712 Pine street.

The Young Girls' Hebrew Society held a package party on Sunday at the home of Miss Helen Green, 1332 Point Breeze street. The proceeds of the affair will be used for charitable work.

Miss Mary Haines, of 1607 Passyunk avenue, has returned home after spending a month in Pittsburgh as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGinley. Miss Marie Boyle, of Pittsburgh, is the guest of Miss Sue Haines.

Miss Edith Bach, of 2108 South Fifteenth street, will spend the remainder of this month in Douglassville, Pa.

A surprise party was given in honor of Miss Margaret Mamey and her brother, Andrew Mamey, Jr., last night in honor of their sixteenth and twenty-third birthdays, respectively, by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mamey, at their home, 3402 East Clearfield street. The guests included Miss Florence Laver, Miss Emma Deigel, Miss Jennetta Walters, Miss Edna Clemens, Miss Kathryn Wambach, Miss Marian Clews, Miss Ruth Brooks, Miss Mary Arndt, Miss Ethel Woolley, Miss Elsie Schuman, Miss Anna May Schrant, Miss Agnes Mills, Miss Mary Miller, Mr. Harry Magam, Mr. Philip Holland, Mr. Paul Beck, Mr. William Bingham, Mr. Earl Campbell, Mr. Robert Gordon, Mr. Alfred Abramson, Mr. Paul Pogson, Mr. William Miller and Mr. Richard Miller.

An attractive wedding will take place this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Derhardt Ruckhardt, 372 Leverington avenue, Roxborough, when the bride, Miss Anna S. Ruckhardt, will become the bride of Mr. Albert F. Yahn, of Kensington. The ceremony will be performed at 7 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. A. Schneider of the Bethel Lutheran Church, Roxborough, and will be followed by a reception. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will be attended by her sister, Miss Helen Ruckhardt, as bridesmaid. Mr. Yahn and his bride will return from their wedding journey the end of the month, and will be at home at 3429 Emerald street, Frankford.

A quiet wedding took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Holy Angels, Oak Lane, when Miss Mary Loftus, daughter of Mrs. John Loftus, became the bride of Mr. Edward Clarke. Dr. John Loftus gave his sister in marriage, and she was attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Loftus, as matron of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, after a wedding trip, will live in Scranton. The bridegroom is a brother of Mrs. Ashton Devereux, of Germantown.

A birthday surprise party was given to Miss Anna Larman, at her home, 602 Eighth street, on Saturday evening. Among those present were Miss Ethel Fineman, Miss Reba Goldberg, Miss Doris Strauss, Miss Pauline Kramer, Miss Minnie Schwartz, Miss Rose Caplan, Miss Rose Strauss, Mr. John Gillin, Mr. Richard Korczyk, Mr. Bernard Hark, Mr. Harry Dubin, Mr. Robert Katsky, Mr. Louis Lassar, Mr. David M. Feldman, Mr. Caplan, Mr. Keys, Mr. Pincus Blitstein, Mr. Samuel Aron, Mr. Max Hertzman, Mr. Joseph Feldman and Mr. Herman Feldman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Neilson will entertain at dinner this evening at Coolock, St. David's, in honor of Miss Sarah S. Myers and Mr. Jacob Steiner. Mr. Zimmerman will take place tomorrow. The guests will include members of the wedding party.

Miss Katharine Ashurst Bowie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bayard Bowie, of Midwood, Chestnut Hill, who will be married to Mr. Joseph K. Van Fleet, 26, on Saturday, gave a luncheon today for her bridesmaids.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Kearney Mitchell are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice at Miramar, their villa in Newport.

The Rev. Percy J. Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Torresdale, are being congratulated upon the birth of a son yesterday.

Along the Main Line OVERBROOK—Mrs. Otto Scheibel, of the Montevista Apartment, Overbrook, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Etta Helen Scheibel, to Mr. C. Sumner Dawson, of Scranton, Pa., son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dawson, of Wiconocah, N. J.

Chestnut Hill Miss Lillie Crisfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. P. Crisfield, of Graver's lane, has returned from Baltimore, where she has been visiting her fiancé's family. Miss Crisfield's marriage to Mr. William Dixon will take place in the fall.

Germantown A quiet wedding will be solemnized on Wednesday, November 16, in Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, when Miss Ann Hanson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis M. H. Hanson, of 5111 Archer street, will become the bride of Mr. Norman Thompson Moore, also of Germantown. Miss Hanson is a sister of Mrs. Alexander Henry, Jr., and of Mrs. L. Bancroft Mellor.

Mr. John B. Peterson, accompanied by his small daughter, Miss Joan Peterson, is spending a fortnight in Atlantic City.

Along the Reading Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Fetterolf, Miss Mildred Fetterolf and Mr. Allen Fetterolf, of Church road, Wynoote, are spending some time at the Opeles Hotel, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton Mirkil, Mr. William Mirkil, Mr. Hazelton Mirkil, Jr., Miss Mary Mirkil and Miss Elsie Mirkil, of Bent road, Wynoote, who are spending some time at Chelsea, will remain until late in the fall.

Mrs. H. Clay Dinges, Jr., of Washington lies, Jenkintown, who has been spending the summer at Lake Saranac, N. Y., will remain until late in the fall.

Bala-Cynwyd Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson have returned from a motor trip to Maine, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Ott.

West Philadelphia Miss Margaret Lamorale, daughter of Judge Lamorale and Mrs. Lamorale, of 212 East 22nd street, who has returned from



MISS GLADYS WOODBURY, Miss Woodbury, who lives at Seven Cedars, Fort Washington, left on Sunday for El Paso, where she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Harlan Irvin for an indefinite visit.

Weddings GORDON—CUNNINGHAM

A very pretty autumn wedding will take place this evening at 8 o'clock in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets, when Miss Agnes Gertrude Cunningham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cunningham, of 3442 North Fifteenth street, will become the bride of Mr. John A. Gordon. The Rev. Richard Haanigan, assistant rector, will officiate. The bride's sister, Mrs. Lawrence A. Stead, will be matron of honor, and Miss Elizabeth F. Shenke will be bridesmaid.

Mr. Joseph G. Gordon will be his brother-in-law, and the ushers will include Mr. Lawrence A. Stead and Mr. Augustus A. Seifert. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, after a wedding trip; will be at home after October 1 at 3442 North Fifteenth street.

KLEIN—LEVY Among tonight's weddings will be that of Miss Fanny Levy, sister of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sondhehl, of 330 Penn street, Reading, Pa., and Mr. Charles Klein, of 1908 West Venango street, Philadelphia, which will be solemnized in the Berkshire Hotel, Reading, with the Rabbi J. Frank of that city, officiating. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her brother-in-law, will be unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Klein will spend their honeymoon in New York, Boston and on the Maine coast, and upon their return will live in Atlantic City.

YAHN—RUCKHARDT An attractive wedding will take place this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Derhardt Ruckhardt, 372 Leverington avenue, Roxborough, when the bride, Miss Anna S. Ruckhardt, will become the bride of Mr. Albert F. Yahn, of Kensington. The ceremony will be performed at 7 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. A. Schneider of the Bethel Lutheran Church, Roxborough, and will be followed by a reception. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will be attended by her sister, Miss Helen Ruckhardt, as bridesmaid. Mr. Yahn and his bride will return from their wedding journey the end of the month, and will be at home at 3429 Emerald street, Frankford.

CLARKE—LOFTUS A quiet wedding took place yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Holy Angels, Oak Lane, when Miss Mary Loftus, daughter of Mrs. John Loftus, became the bride of Mr. Edward Clarke. Dr. John Loftus gave his sister in marriage, and she was attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Loftus, as matron of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, after a wedding trip, will live in Scranton. The bridegroom is a brother of Mrs. Ashton Devereux, of Germantown.

Tioga Mr. and Mrs. Harry McClelland and their family have closed their summer home in Wildwood, and have returned to their winter home, 3429 North Fifteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heas and Mr. Walter C. Hess, of 1812 West Erie avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gabbell and their family have returned to Tioga after spending the summer in Ocean City, N. J.

Dr. George R. Ulrich, of West Venango street, has returned from a visit of several weeks in Selinsgrove, Pa.



THE STORY THUS FAR IRIS DEANE, daughter of Sir Arthur Deane, owner of the London and Hongkong Company, was on a steamer ship down the coast when she was rescued by a man named Robert Jenks, an assistant steward on the ship. Jenks, who was a sailor, was the only one who survived the wreck. He was rescued by a man named Robert Jenks, an assistant steward on the ship. Jenks, who was a sailor, was the only one who survived the wreck. He was rescued by a man named Robert Jenks, an assistant steward on the ship.

CHAPTER X—(Continued) "I can only admit that you are right," he murmured. "We must pray that God will direct our friends to this island. Otherwise we may not be found for a year, as unhappily the fishermen who once came here now avoid the place. They have been frightened by the contents of the hollow behind the cliff. I am glad you have solved the difficulty unaided, Miss Deane. I have striven at times to be coarse, even brutal, toward you, but my heart flinched from the task of inflicting the possible period of your imprisonment."

"Then Iris, for the first time in many days, wept bitterly, and Jenks, blind to the true cause of her emotion, picked up a rifle to which, in spare moments, he had affixed a curious device, and walked slowly across Prospect Park toward the half-obliterated road leading to the Valley of Death.

"The girl watched him disappear among the trees. Through her tears shone a sorrowful smile. "He thinks only of me, never of himself," she murmured. "If it pleases Providence to spare us from these savages, what does it matter to me how long we remain here? I shall be as happy here as anywhere in life. I fear I never will be again. If it were not for my father's terrible anxiety I would not have a care in the world. I only wish to get away, so that one brave day I may be able to return to my dear ones. All his worry is on my account, none on his own."

That was what thoughtful Miss Iris thought, or tried to persuade herself to think. Perhaps her cogitations would not bear strict analysis. Perhaps she harbored a sweet hope that the future might yet contain bright hours for herself and the man who was so devoted to her. She refused to believe that Robert Anstey, strong of arm and clear of brain, a Knight of the Round Table in all that was noble and chivalric, would permit his name to bear an unwarrantable stigma when—and she blushed like a June rose—she came to tell her that which he had written.

The sailor returned hastily, with the manner of one hurrying to perform a neglected task. Without any explanation to Iris he climbed several times to the ledge, carrying a bundle of grass roots which he planted in full view. Then he entered the cave, and although he was furnished only with the dim light that penetrated through the distant exit, she heard him heaving manfully at the rock for a couple of hours. At last he emerged, grimy with dust and perspiration, just in time to pay a last visit to Summit Rock before the sun sank to rest. He peered over the edge to delay somewhat the preparations for their evening meal, as he wished to take a bath, so it was quite dark when they sat down to eat.

Iris had long recovered her usual state of high spirits. "Why are you burrowing in the cavern again?" she inquired. "Are you in a hurry to get rich?" "I was following an oil shaft, not a lode," he replied. "I am occasionally troubled with afterthought, and this is an instance. Do you remember how the flame of the lamp flickered while we were opening up our mine?"

"Yes," she was so absorbed in contemplating our prospective wealth that I failed to pay heed to the true significance of that incident. It meant the existence of an upward current of air. Now, where the current goes there must be a passage, and while I was busy this afternoon among the trees overhead,—he pointed toward the Valley of Death—"it came to me like an inspiration that possibly a few hours' heaving and delving might open a shaft to the ledge. I have been well rewarded for the effort. The stuff in the vault is so eaten away by water that it is no more solid than hard mud for the most part already I have scooped out a chimney twelve feet high."

"What good can that be?" "At present we have only a front door up the face of the rock. When my work is completed, before tomorrow night I hope, we shall have a back door also. Of course I may encounter unforeseen obstacles as I advance, but I am praying that it may continue straight to the ledge."

"I still don't see the great advantage to us." "The advantages are many, believe me. The more points of attack presented by the enemy the more effective will be our resistance. I doubt if they would ever be able to rush the cave were we to hold it, whereas I can go up and down our back staircase whenever I choose. If you don't mind being left in the dark I will resume work now, by the light of your lamp."

"But Iris protested against this arrangement. She felt lonely. The long hours of silence had been distasteful to her. She wanted to talk. "I agree," said Jenks, "provided you do not pin me down to something I told you a month ago."

"I promise, you can tell me as much or as little as you think fit. The subject for discussion is your court-martial." "He could not see the tender light in her eyes, but the quiet sympathy of her voice restrained the protest prompt on his lips. Yet he blurted out, after a slight pause—"Is it I do not think so. I am a friend, Mr. Jenks, not an old one, I admit, but during the last six weeks we have bridged an ordinary acquaintanceship of as many years. Can you not trust me?"

"Trust me?" He laughed softly. Then, choosing his words with great deliberation, he answered—"Yes, I can trust you. I intended to tell you the story some day. Why not tonight?" "Unseen in the darkness Iris had sought and clasped the gold locket suspended from the light of your lamp. The sailor's portion of the story he would tell. The remainder was of minor importance.

"It is odd," he continued, "that you should have alluded to six years a moment ago. It is exactly six years, almost a day, since the trouble began." "With Lord Ventnor?" The name slipped out involuntarily. "Yes, I was a Staff Corps subaltern, and my proficiency in native languages attracted the attention of a friend in Simla, who advised me to apply for an appointment on the political side of the Government of India. I did so. He supported the application, and I was assured of the next vacancy in a native State, provided that I got married."

He drew out the concluding words with exasperating slowness. Iris, astounded by the stipulation, dropped her locket and leaned forward into the red light of the log fire. The sailor's quick eye caught the glimmer of the ornament. "By the way," he interrupted, "what is that thing shining on your breast?" "It is my sole remaining adornment," she said, "a present from my father on my tenth birthday. Pray go on!" "Yes, I was a Staff Corps subaltern, and my proficiency in native languages attracted the attention of a friend in Simla, who advised me to apply for an appointment on the political side of the Government of India. I did so. He supported the application, and I was assured of the next vacancy in a native State, provided that I got married."

"I believe so. People said she was." "At the time my opinion was biased. I have seen her since, and she wears badly. She is married now, and after 30 grew very fat." "Artful Jenks! Iris settled herself comfortably with afterthought, and this is an instance. Do you remember how the flame of the lamp flickered while we were opening up our mine?" "Yes," she was so absorbed in contemplating our prospective wealth that I failed to pay heed to the true significance of that incident. It meant the existence of an upward current of air. Now, where the current goes there must be a passage, and while I was busy this afternoon among the trees overhead,—he pointed toward the Valley of Death—"it came to me like an inspiration that possibly a few hours' heaving and delving might open a shaft to the ledge. I have been well rewarded for the effort. The stuff in the vault is so eaten away by water that it is no more solid than hard mud for the most part already I have scooped out a chimney twelve feet high."

"Well, you didn't marry her, anyhow," commented Iris a trifle sharply. "And now the sailor was on level ground again. "Thank Heaven, no," he said, earnestly. "We had barely become engaged when she went with her uncle to Simla for the hot weather. There she met Lord Ventnor, who was on the Viceroy's staff, and—if you don't mind, we were about a portion of the narrative—I discovered then why men in India usually go to England for their wives. While in Simla on ten days' leave I had a touchy row with Lord Ventnor in the States Club—hammered him, in fact, in defense of a worthless woman, and was only saved from a severe reprimand because I had lately been treated. Nevertheless, my hopes of a political appointment vanished, and I returned to my regiment to learn, after due reflection, what a very lucky person I was."

"Concerning Miss Morris, you mean?" "Exactly. And now exit Elizabeth. Not being cut out for matrimonial enterprise I had to become a good officer. A year ago when the Government asked for volunteers to form Chinese regiments, I sent in my name and was accepted. I had the good fortune to serve under an old friend, Colonel Costobell, but some malin star sent Lord Ventnor to the Far East, this time in an important capacity. I met him occasionally, but he would not like each other any better. My horse he had, his dog, his Poodle Hurdle Handicap—poor old Sultan! I wonder where he is now?"

"Was your horse called 'Sultan'?" "Yes, I bought him in Meerut, trained him myself, and ferried him all the way to China. I loved him next to the British army." "This was quite satisfactory. There was genuine feeling in his voice now. Iris became even more interested. "Colonel Costobell fell ill, and the command of the regiment devolved upon me, our only major being absent in the interior. The Colonel's wife unhappily chose that moment to flirt, as people say, with Lord Ventnor. Not having learned the advisability of minding my own business, I remonstrated with her, thus making her my deadly enemy. Lord Ventnor, content with an official mission to a neighboring town and detailed me for the military charge. I sent a junior officer. Then Mrs. Costobell and I deliberately concocted a plot to ruin my life, for the sake of his old animosity—you remember that I had also crossed his path in Egypt—she, because she feared I would speak to her husband. On pretense of seeking my advice, she inveigled me at night into a deserted corner of the Club grounds at Hongkong. Lord Ventnor appeared in his usual garb of their vile statements, which created an immediate uproar, I—well, Miss Deane, I nearly killed him."

"Iris vividly recalled the anguish he betrayed when this topic was inadvertently broached one day early in their acquaintance. Now he was reciting his painful history with the air of a man far more concerned to be scrupulously accurate than anxious to be interesting. He had a memory of past wrongs. What had happened in the interim to blunt these bygone sufferings? Iris clasped her locket. She thought she knew. "The remainder may be told in a sentence," he said. "Of what avail was my professed statements against the definite proofs adduced by Lord Ventnor and his unrepentant ally? Even her husband believed her and became my bitter foe. Poor woman! I have it in my heart to pity her. Well, that is all. I am here."

"Can a man be ruined so easily?" murmured the girl, her exquisite tact leading her to avoid any direct expression of sympathy. "It seems so. But I have my reward. If ever I meet Mrs. Costobell again I will thank her for a great service." Iris suddenly became confused. Her brow and neck tingled with a quick access of color. "Why do you say that?" she asked; and Jenks, who was rising, either did not hear, or pretended not to hear, the tremor in her tone. "Because you once told me you would never marry Lord Ventnor, and after what I have told you now I am quite sure you will not."

"Ah, then you do trust me?" she almost whispered. "I believe so. People said she was." "At the time my opinion was biased. I have seen her since, and she wears badly. She is married now, and after 30 grew very fat." "Artful Jenks! Iris settled herself comfortably with afterthought, and this is an instance. Do you remember how the flame of the lamp flickered while we were opening up our mine?" "Yes," she was so absorbed in contemplating our prospective wealth that I failed to pay heed to the true significance of that incident. It meant the existence of an upward current of air. Now, where the current goes there must be a passage, and while I was busy this afternoon among the trees overhead,—he pointed toward the Valley of Death—"it came to me like an inspiration that possibly a few hours' heaving and delving might open a shaft to the ledge. I have been well rewarded for the effort. The stuff in the vault is so eaten away by water that it is no more solid than hard mud for the most part already I have scooped out a chimney twelve feet high."

"Her name was Elizabeth—Elizabeth Morris." The young lieutenant of those days called her "Bessie," but no matter.

CHAPTER XI THE FIGHT THE sailor knew so accurately the position of his reliable sentinels that he could follow each phase of the imaginary conflict on the other side of the island. The first outbreak of desultory firing died away amid a chorus of protest from every feathered inhabitant of the isle, so Jenks assumed that the Dyaks had gathered again on the beach after ridding the scarecrows with bullets or slashing them with their heavy razor-edged parangs. Malay swords with which experts can fell a stout sapling at a single blow.

A hasty council was probably held, and notwithstanding their fear of the silent company in the hollow, an advance was ultimately made along the beach. Within a few yards they encountered the invisible cord of the third spring gun. There was a report, and another fierce outbreak of musketry. This was enough. Not a man would move nearer that abode of the dead. The next commotion arose on the ridge near the North Cape.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHO IS YOUR FRIEND? Dear Children—I want you to know that you may ask ME all the questions you wish. I am right here to answer what I can and if I can't answer I will get some one who can or tell you so.

I am interested in what you ask. I am never too busy to read what you write. I know your sorrows—they are real to you. I know what it is to be lonely. I know what it is to long for some one to talk to. I know what it means to talk to people who do not listen to what you are saying. I know what it means to live 40 years without a father. I know what it means to take care of a sick mother, not one year, but many years.

I know I love children and that does not matter so much as the fact that CHILDREN LOVE ME. When I go to a strange city (little strangers) say, "Hello!" How do THEY know I am a children's editor? I guess I send them a wireless from my eyes. They know! This is the greatest salary you can pay me. So write to me. If Willie Jones poked your nose, I'm sorry. If Jerusha, your doll, is lost, I'm sorry. If mother has gone away and is never coming back, I'm sorry, oh, so sorry! Perhaps we can go to meet her. Let's try. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box Hazel Rank, a little Danville Rainbow, loves her home very much. She has a nice big shady lawn, a "fly-away" swing and a pet dog named Riffles. George Patterson, of Williamsburg, Pa., has converted a hole of his lawn into a rabbit yard. He sends the following message to any Rainbow boys who would be interested in doing the same: "If you would like to make a rabbit yard, dig down about eighteen inches, then put wire over the ground where it has been dug out. Put the dirt back again."

Hazel Machler is just a small Rainbow, but she manages to have an "outdoor" bed that she calls named Honey. Hazel has grown so big of late that mother has given her a room all to herself! While we are talking about little girls, let us tell you about Virginia Speed. Virginia wants to abuse Dorothy Botta's doll Gladys, and over and above that, she wants to help Dorothy see for the small lady measurements of her doll. Gladys will be forwarded by Dorothy to Virginia.

Gertrude Stella Allen, of Willow Grove, Pa., thinks that Helen or Marguerite would be a pretty name for Dorothy Botta's doll.

A Laugh Sent in by ROSE FISHER Evelyn had shown signs of a severe cold at the breakfast table. "Evelyn," said her father, "I think you are a little hoarse." "That's funny," she replied, "Yesterday you told me I was a little pig."

The Possam By FLORENCE BIRNEY, Gloucester, N. J. One night as I was going to bed I happened to look out my window. And what do you think I saw? I saw Mr. Possam walking his chains to catch one of our chickens. Just then I went downstairs and hit Mr. Possam on the head and after that we did not see any more Possams. Things to Know and Do Name six words that end with ER, six that end with GUY.

